

VOICES SPIRITS
IN THE ROOM

(poems)

-by B. Edwards

(Volume I)

1.

Tonight
they
haven't been
too bad yet

just a few
voices
fired off
from the next room

not so bad yet
I conceal myself
with words

I await
in my foxhole
as the voices
rain
like medieval sonnets
guillotined

our syllables
once aligned
thrown into a basket

the fanged mob is fed
until tomorrows

9/2018

2.

Was it destiny
to hear these voices
of astral planes?

I never asked
such things
when I awoke
next to a bottle

Now that I ask
there is no real answer
and no real silence
either

there are no more
bottles as well
they were lost
when the spirit sea rampaged

fragments of wooden crates
and warning labels

washed ashore in Ithaca

9/2018

3.

I don't remember
what all that silence
was like
before all this

they took that
from me

now it's gone

they can't take
that from me anymore

in dark rooms
in unquiet night
I have been reborn
jagged

they can have this
my razored edges
will bleed
their reflections
of vanity
in the mirror

their monuments
their idols
of voiced pestilence
will be thrice
cut..... incised
run through
by a sword
as true
as eagles eyes

9/2018

4.

It feels like
they're trying
to take over the room
..... the night
my last outpost of solitude

it feels like
they're trying
to get in
to break through
to gate crash
this world of mine
already in free fall

It feels like
they'll finally arrive
at any moment
they've been getting closer
each day
for years

it feels
like tonight
will be the apex
of some mystery
shrouded
in the absence
of salvation's light

I can feel
their presence
in the room

I can feel them
and they
are only
so thinly veiled
from my eyes

- 9/2018

5.

The moon
has not risen yet
but it will
I am here
waiting for it
hearing the voices

the voices
making the night
like a broken bottle

the content
already gone
consumed by the soul
waiting to be marooned

the moon
has not yet risen
but it will
my spider and I
are waiting for
its solitary light
to shine through the windows
revealing
our sanctuary
our island
of exile
and desolate time

8/2018

6.

I hear
a seashell
of serenity shatter
a bottle
of tranquility
thrown against
a wall

I no longer hear
the whispers
of stars

it has been
a long season
the leaves
have forgotten
to change color for me

and the voices
down the dreamt of
corridors
do not always cease
at the chime of twelve

I begin to feel
the coldness
of distant nights
that have yet to come

I can now see
down to the bottom
of the abyss
where the voices rise
like vapor

9/2018

7.

Who invites them
should not disbelieve
that invisible vipers
can reign
like crowned kings
over the artillery shelled
and cratered
damaged ramparts
and parapets
of your soul

who has given you
a mountain of fables
all of these closed eyes
opening
to ethereal
labyrinths of coral

how do you know
that we exist

the sceptered
white noise pharaoh
had told me
it is so

not so much
in direct soliloquy

but in hieroglyphic
smoke signals
risen above
the spires

9/2018

8.

Dawn
opened eyes
voices speaking
like heralds
of intrusions

I have returned
to this world
just now
from a misted
astral sea

between these worlds
for me
there are fissures

there are thrones
of coral
awaiting sovereigns

there are raiders
from the obscuring vast
abyssal expanse
they have followed me

in this chamber
of deception
I can hear them
clearly

what they tell me
is like the sand
of an hour glass

away
away
grey winds
and waters
obey

I've come ashore now
where crows watch
like sentries

I shall walk
inland
to meet stone walls

the voices
will speak
like oracles
insane

the curtain
of the east
is aflame

rise
rise
venomous titan
of fire

9/2018

Fin

September, 2018